

A HUNTING TRIP IN TEXAS.  
THE DARTY GIRLS STRUGGLES.  
WAY UP ON THE SNOWY HIMALAYAS.  
THE TALE OF A MYSTERIOUS BOARDER.  
BIG MEN WRITE THEIR VIEWS ON THE CENTENNIAL.

Wit, Humor, Miscellany, Amusement and Entertainment for Old and Young.

PRICE ONE CENT.

# BRANDED.

Dramatic Story of an Innocent Man Who Served Three Years in Prison.

An ex-Convict Who Wants His Name Cleared That He May Become an American Citizen.

The Real Criminal Met Face to Face in Sing Sing by His Victim.

A Sworn Confession Witnessed by the Prison Chaplain.

'The Evening World' Asked to Help Remove the Stain.

Reporters Find Evidence That Proves His Story True.

All the Documents Are Now in the Hands of the Governor.

The Hard Lot of John Meyer, a German Lad, Who Yearned for Free America.

'The Evening World' presents herewith one of the most extraordinary cases of apparent miscarriage of justice that has been brought to light for years.

John Meyer, an ex-convict, his full term of sentence having been served, asks for the vindication of his character.

He asks it on the ground of entire innocence of the crime for which he served his time in Sing Sing.

He asks it because he wishes to remove the stain from his good name, especially in order that he may take out papers of American citizenship.

The evidence in his favor is most exceptionally strong, if not altogether and beyond peradventure conclusive.

The confession of the real criminal, exonerating John Meyer, formally signed and witnessed, is in the hands of Gov. Hill. Writers from Warden Brush, from the Chaplain of Sing Sing, from Meyer's former employer and other documents of much importance, as indicating his innocence, have been secured by reporters of this paper, and also laid before the Governor.

'The Evening World,' after exceedingly careful investigation of all the circumstances of this case, is, with Warden Brush, thoroughly convinced of John Meyer's innocence.

And, as is the simple duty of 'The Evening World,' it will help him, as lies within its power, to the vindication of character that he seeks.—(Ed.)

"John Meyer, ex-convict."

This was on the card sent to THE EVENING WORLD office. The man who followed it when told to come up was tall, well-built and frank of countenance. He held his head up in a half determined way, but there was a pitiable look of defiance in his blue eyes and there were traces of despair in his face.

He wore the rough charity garments given to convicts when leaving Auburn Prison.

"I am John Meyer," he said simply. "I was released from the Auburn Prison yesterday. I was imprisoned three years for a crime I never committed. In 1886 I was accused of stealing jewelry from my employer. I never did it, but appearances were against me. I was tried and convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. I got one year off by good conduct."

"And now you want—"

"To clear my name, to enable myself to become an American citizen. I was entirely innocent of the crime."

THE EVENING WORLD will look into your case, and, if the facts are as you say, it will help you," he was told.

He burst into tears, and laying his head on his arms on the desk in front of him he sobbed like a little child.

Here is the extraordinary story of John Meyer, as told by himself. It has been carefully verified in all essential particulars by THE EVENING WORLD reporters:

In the German city of Munich John Meyer was born on the 26th of February, 1865. His father was the colonel of a cavalry regiment

in the German army. He has or had three years ago two brothers in the German army, but his father had then been retired, and was engaged in the stock brokerage business and is a wealthy man.

At the age of fifteen John Meyer was attending a military academy in Munich, expecting to follow the example of his father and brothers and enter the army as soon as possible. A younger brother, with the same end in view, was studying at the same institution.

John was well read and the history of America had a peculiar fascination for him. He read it and pondered on it so constantly that he finally determined to leave the Fatherland, come to America, enter West Point Military Academy and ultimately achieve what success and distinction he could in our regular army.

When he made his determination known at home his parents met with great opposition from his father and brothers, but his kindly, gentle-faced mother declared that while she would miss her boy his wishes should not be thwarted, and that if he wished to come to America he should do so.

At last he gained his father's consent. The old soldier also loved his son well, and it was the dread of seeing him go off alone to a distant land, so that anything else that had kept him from readily giving his permission at first.

When he did consent, however, he equipped John with a good wardrobe, gave him a fair amount of money and bade him "God-speed."

The whole American population were honoring the natal day of George Washington, when the good ship Baltimore, sixteen days out from Hamburg, glided slowly up to her dock in the city of Baltimore, on the 22d of February, 1881. Among the first of her cabin passengers to disembark was John Meyer, a mere stripling, but with the fire of ambition in his blue eyes and a sturdy reliance on his own powers of making his way in the world.

He went to a hotel, where he expected to be joined soon by a cousin from the West. But he was generous, easily gullible, and his money—had nearly \$1,000—did not know what to do. He could not stay and meet his relative in his penniless condition, and he was too proud to write home to his parents telling them of his predicament, as it would involve the necessity of making known to them his foolishness.

Sadly he was obliged to put off his contemplated sojourn in West Point, but went bravely to work to earn money enough to pay his way, if possible.

For four months and a half he did odd jobs around Baltimore, but could not save a cent. Becoming disheartened, he determined to return home, and with that object in view secured a situation in the first kitchen of an outward bound steamer going to Germany.

It was the Baltimore steamer on which he had arrived, so that he had only a few months before. But when the shores of Germany came in sight again his pride interfered, and gritting his teeth he determined that he would never go home in that condition.

He stepped ashore at Hamburg and went to work at once to gain a means of returning to America.

He was lucky enough to get work in the kitchen of the steamer Rhine, just ready to sail to New York. He sailed in her, and in due time came once more in sight of this land of freedom.

II.

A man was wanted in the big pork-packing establishment of Keller & Son, on the corner of Sixteenth street and Ninth avenue, and an advertisement was inserted in a newspaper.

The first man to apply for the position was John Meyer, fresh from the bosom of old ocean. They like his appearance, and he was engaged at a salary of \$10 a week.

So began his career in New York.

He was a saving lad, but ever ready to share his little all with an unfortunate or needy comrade. Needless to say he was frequently victimized.

One of the men he met and assisted, while in the employment of Keller & Son, was a young German named Charles Hoffman.

Hoffman asked him repeatedly for the loan of small sums of money which he generally got, but never repaid. Meyer took quite a fancy to him and they were good friends while John remained there, but when he left he lost sight of Hoffman for nearly three years.

Just as Meyer worked for a bologna maker at 34 Forsyth street, with a man named Kyle, on Forty-fifth street, between First and Second avenue, and at Far Rockaway as a general hand for Joseph Froelich, the wholesale and retail wine and liquor merchant at 214 and 216 Graham avenue, Brooklyn.

Mr. Froelich has two cottages at Far Rockaway, and Meyer gardened there and drove Mr. Froelich's carriage when necessary.

"This was in the summer season of 1885, and Meyer was standing at the door when he was surprised to see his whilom friend, Hoffman, washing a carriage in front of a lively stable adjoining."

Hoffman asked Meyer how much he was getting a week. He replied, "Four dollars."

"You're a fool to work for that money," said Hoffman.

Hoffman had assimilated more with the

youths of the city streets than Meyer. He was smart in dress and as a gambler, a tough gang that made Thirty-eighth street their rendezvous.

His talk had a certain influence on Meyer, who finally decided that he would not work for Acker unless the latter increased his wages. They had a talk about wages on Sunday, March 18, 1886, and when Acker refused to increase his salary Meyer told him he would leave.

Mrs. Acker asked him not to leave until after Monday, so that her husband would have a chance of getting another man, and he agreed, unfortunately, to stay for one day more. He met Hoffman that night and told him that he was going to leave Acker next day.

"Good boy," said Hoffman.

About one o'clock Monday afternoon Meyer was coming up out of the cellar when he saw Mrs. Acker going into the store with some wood in her arms, as if she had been to the grocery store.

He went in to see her and said: "I will go now and change my shirt, Mrs. Acker, so as to be ready for the customers this evening."

"It was Acker's rule that his help should always look clean."

"Very well, John," said Mrs. Acker, and Meyer started for his boarding-house at 42 West Forty-fifth street.

Two minutes after leaving the little butcher store he met Hoffman, who said: "John, I was just going to look for you. I have got another job for you. Come on."

"I cannot go now," he protested. Mrs. Acker to wait until Mr. Acker got another man," said the young German.

"Oh, please! come with me, I tell you! You will find good work, and I will give you a good wage."

"Where is it?" asked Meyer, doubtfully.

"In Kyle's on Forty-fifth street, between First and Second avenues," answered Hoffman.

Meyer had worked for Kyle before.

He knew it was a pretty good place.

The upshot of the matter was that he decided to go about the job.

In the way ever Hoffman talked volubly to his companion, and finally asked Meyer to buy a silver watch which he showed him.

"How much do you want for it?" inquired Meyer.

"Five dollars."

"Where did you get it?" was the next question.

"Oh, a relative of mine in Germany died and left me five hundred dollars. I invested the greater part of it in jewelry. I am hard up now, and am trying to dispose of it."

Meyer in all innocence believed him, and bought the watch. He had about \$7. On Third avenue Hoffman took out another silver watch which he said he was going to pawn. He did pawn it, getting \$2.50 for it. Coming out of the pawnshop he handed the money to Hoffman, who said, "Here, John, I will make you a present of this."

It was the first time Meyer ever saw a pawnshop, and he asked: "What good is it?"

"Oh, you can get that watch by presenting a quarter and the money which the ticket calls for," explained Hoffman.

Meyer laughed and said that as he already had a watch he did not want another, but Hoffman insisted that he should keep the ticket.

"Very well, then," said Meyer, "I will give it to you."

The couple then went to Kyle's. Mr. Kyle was not in. Mrs. Kyle told Meyer to come around next day and see Mr. Kyle, who would probably give him the place.

Meyer felt very good over this, and consented to do downtown with Hoffman. They rode in a Third avenue street-car as far as Bleeker street, where, at Hoffman's suggestion, they alighted.

Hoffman drew out of his pocket a pretty gold watch and chain and remarked: "Isn't that a beauty?"

"Yes," said Meyer, "are you going to pawn that, too?"

"No, I am going to sell this. Come on."

They went into a store where Hoffman could only get \$18 for the watch and chain. There were further accommodations for the walkers upstairs. All the butts will be fitted with the latest improvements, including gas, hot and cold water, and electric light.

Medals and each "pet" will be allowed three attendants.

A feature of the race which will be appreciated by both walkers and spectators will be the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band of sixty pieces. It will be divided into two reliefs of thirty pieces, the first to march in front of the band, and the second to follow.

The high canonical who is to start the doggy race on their last hour's tramp has not yet been definitely settled on. There are rumors that John L. Sullivan, the great Bostonian, will start the race, and that he will utter the magic word, "Go!"

The following is a complete list of entries: Dan O'Leary, Dan Hart, Hegelman, Golden, Lovett, Redding, Dan Burns, Horan, Sullivan, David, Devine, Keenan, King, Wright, Conner, Ray, Griffin, Charlie Smith, P. Smith, W. Smith, Day, Hibbard, Blair, Sperry, McGovern, Norrish, Zehn, Macchian, Leech, Malone, Tracey, Red Rover, Glick, Fitzgerald's Unknown, Newman, Frasier, Krieger, Howard, Miller, Carpenter, Archie Sinclair and Maloney.

Figure Out the Puzzles in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Strange Mourner at His Funeral.

A mysterious mourner attracted attention at the funeral of Travis C. Van Buren in Grace Church yesterday. As the coffin was borne up the aisle she passed swiftly in front of the palpitating and kept close to the coffin until the street was reached. Then she walked quickly away. She was a blonde, dressed in deep mourning, and her face was veiled. The Van Buren family do not know her.

Sporting Men Keep Themselves on a Couvert by Reading THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Concerts in the Parks.

To-day the season of music in the parks begins in good earnest. At 3 o'clock this afternoon Capp's Seventh Regiment Band will give a concert on the Central Park Mall, including some of Mozart's, Sullivan's, Strauss's and Brahms's most tuneful pieces. To-morrow morning the same band will give a concert on the Mall, beginning at 3 o'clock.

Can His Wife's Threat.

COHEN, May 4.—At 6 o'clock this morning Samuel Dunn, five months from England, cut his wife's throat from ear to ear. She died in a short time. She had only been over one week. The murderer has been arrested.

A Slave Hunter's Story of His Bloodthirsty Business in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Nervousness and Dyspepsia Cured.

By CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. 25 cents.

BRADYOTINE for headache is now the universal remedy.

CHAMPAGNE BOOMERS.

Some interesting facts about the agents who drink and advertise their employers' brands in very peculiar ways. Read the big SUNDAY WORLD.

All the Seven Ages of Man May Find Matter to Their Tastes in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Blue Coats After Game Rations. U. S. Army Men Tell Hunting Tales in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Do You Drink Tea? Well, THE SUNDAY WORLD Tells You Where the Best Brand Comes From.

Pickaninies in Bondage. See THE SUNDAY WORLD.

To Release O'Brien and Harrington.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

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